OUR SERIALS.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW JOKE.

"A despicable custom, prevalent roughout the world, is that of holding the mother-in-law to ridicule and con-mpt. Now, I want to say that the best iends I ever had were my mothers-in-w."—President Joseph E. Smith, of the ormon Church.

y gramma she came yesterday to visit here 'ith us,
n' pa he laughed an' said he s'posed they'd be a nawful fuss.
ause in th' funny papers nearly ever' joke he saw
as how some feeble man was whipped by his strong ma-in-law—
' gramma laughed an' joggled some, 'cause she is kind o' fat,
' said: "My husband use' to talk th' very same as that!"

n after while th' baby cried an' gramma took it up
give it somepin nice to drink 'at she fixed in a cup,
' pa he says: "I s'pose 'at you an' me will have a fight
ause you will say 'at I have got to walk the floor to-night."
n gramma hugged th' baby tight an' give it's cheek a pat
' said: "My husband use to talk to mother same as that."

n pa, he's readin' 'bout a man 'at had whole lots o' wives—
said he always bought their hats for them in lots o' fives—
e's fond o' all his mas-in-laws," pa says, "but this man Smith—
s got to say he is, with such a lot to reckon with!"
gramma says: "Th' trouble is that joke is never new—
husband use' to say that he was sorry for him, too."

gramma—sometimes she will read th' jokes my pa picks out
ut th' ma-in-law, an' then she'll say: "There ain't no doubt
what th' men would do a whole lot better than they do
ll their mas-in-laws would just make all these jokes come true."
pa he'll set an' look at her, as if he was knocked flat,
gramma laughs: 'My husband use' to keep still, same as that."
. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS ING OF THE SEA

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

uthor of "Commodore Paul Jones," "Reuben James," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Who run?" he asked, eagerly open-his eyes and looking up at his d from where he lay in the arms he surgeon on the grass, stained by his own blood.

he enemy! The enemy! They way everywhere!"

o, one of you, to Col. Burton," Wolfe, smiling weakly, "and tell to march Webb's regiment down e St. Charles river to cut off their at from the bridge."

was the last thought of a soldier duty. He sank back in the arms s attendants.

ilip, filled with grief, dropped on knees beside him. Wolfe opened yes again for a moment.

hilip," he whispered, "remember icture—Quebec—" He turned on ide. "Now, God be praised," he aured. "I will die in peace."

ere was a fierce struggle going ll over the field. The French dying hard. Grafton ran along ne to inform Monckton, the sec-in command, of Wolfe's death. ound that brigadier desperately ded, and then ran over to the ank to carry the news to Town-, the second brigadier.

ed by heavy skirmishes in the and by the fact that Townshend ompelled to refuse his lines, the had been more fiercely contest-re than elsewhere. A squadron valry, the only party of horse on eld, which had been sent scout-by Bougainville, suddenly ap-d on the flank, and charged furi-down upon Townshend's men. gave way. That general had d for the center of the army Grafton told him the sad tidings, t his request the sailor hurried extreme left flank.

hout thinking that he was left ported by the temporary retreat English soldiers, Grafton sprang rd to meet the cavalry. He at down the first horseman with stol, but the second struck his s from his outstretched hand, ng a deep cut in his arm, and ird caught him by the collar.

take this one prisoner. Yield, ur!" he cried in French.

are beaten!" cried the officer nding the cavalry, as the Eng-allied and came forward again.

we give way everywhere! que peut, mes braves!"

on't lose this man, though," said oldier, stubbornly. "Will you be dragged?" he called to Graf-Not waiting for a reply, he d his horse, and, keeping tight f Grafton, galloped off with the

as not a dignified position, but was nothing for him to do but ve to keep his feet as best he

If he fell he would be trampled th by the horses; if he did not would probably be dragged un-choked. He was a wise as well rave man, so he struggled des-y on.

arm had been badly wounded blow which had disabled it, his captor reached the St. Louis f the city a bullet struck him back. His strength finally gave way at that, and he fainted. He was a small man, and the big trooper lifted him to the front of the saddle by some unexplained impulse, laid him across the horse and held him there as he forced his way into the panting, terrified mass of retreating soldiery.

Ahead of them was an officer on a big black horse. He was deadly pale, and blood was trickling over the white lace of his shirt and staining his open waistcoat. He would have fallen from his horse had not two soldiers on either side supported him. He sat with his hands on the pommel of the saddle, leaning forward. His face wore a stricken look. Tears were trickling down his cheeks—not on account of his wounds, however, but from a deeper hurt. It was Montcalm.

The gate was open now, and the fugitives were pouring through. In-

THE MAN ON THE STEP.

side the walls a crowd of women, children and old men were congregated in the Rue St. Louis. There was weeping and wailing and wringing of hands as the wounded, battered, shattered, terrified mass of fugitives swept through the gate.

"Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Le marquis est tue!" cried a woman.

Her words were taken up by the crowd, who loved the great and gentle soldier with a passionate devotion which they withheld from the thieving scoundrels who made up the civil government. Even then his first thought was for the people. As he heard the cries of the multitude he lifted his head and said:

"Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien; ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies." (It is nothing, it is nothing; do not be troubled for me, my good friends.)

Meanwhile the dragoon, with Grafton lying limp across his saddle, rode a few rods down the street until he escaped from the thick of the crowd. Then he turned his attention to his prisoner. The Englishman was lying pale and apparently lifeless before him.

"Nom de chien!" cried the Frenchman. "Have I been carrying a dead man all this time?"

With an expression of disgust he lifted him from his saddle and let him slide to the ground. He was riding near the pavement at the time and the street was narrow. The soldier had not thrown him roughly, and Philip slipped gently down upon the sidewalk, his head falling rather heavily against the open doorstep. A woman standing gazing from the door screamed and shrank back. The shock and the pain of his wounds caused him to open his eyes. He was dimly conscious of a face as beautiful as an angel's bending over him. He heard a sweet, startled voice, filled with music, murmuring in exquisite French:

"Mon Dieu! He is living, then!"

He knew no more.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SAILOR AND THE MOB.

LIEUT. DENIS DE VITRE had been in peril of his life many times during his short but exciting career, but he had never come so near death as within the past few months. Indeed, His Grim Majesty, the King of Terrors, had stared the young officer full in the face and his cold hand had been fairly clasped around his throat. It would have gone hard with him but for the timely interference of a friend.

De Vitre was a hardy, bold young man, who loved fighting as he loved sunlight, on account, perhaps, of the Irish touch in his nature from a far-off strain of the Emerald Isle on the distaff side. One of the higher Canadian noblesse, whose family was of first importance in New France, owning wide possessions and high in favor in the governor's court, he had received a commission in the navy of France. While in command of the boats of a scouting expedition in the lower St. Lawrence he had been captured by Admiral Durell's squadron.

When the fleet of Vice Admiral Saunders entered the river and started upon that toilsome and dangerous ascent to Quebec the vice admiral had required his captives, of whom de Vitre was chief, to pilot the great ships up the uncertain river. The young officer, for one, had peremptorily refused to do this, and neither threat nor appeal had induced him to recede from his position.

The process of intimidation had indeed been carried so far as to cause Monsieur de Vitre to be mounted upon the rail of a ship with a rope around his neck, the other end of which was rove through a block at the top-sail yard-arm. Had it not been for the friend mentioned he would have been hanged for his contumacy, and to discourage—or encourage—the other pilots, men of less rank and station, who showed a disposition to emulate his refusal.

From this difficult—and, for a man of birth and station, unpleasant—position the Frenchman had been rescued by the intercessions of the young captain of the ship, a brave man, who loved courage and resolution even in his enemies. As his intercession was seconded by the influence of Gen. Wolfe, to whose request Admiral Saunders graciously deferred, it was efficacious in releasing Monsieur de Vitre from his appalling and unpleasant predicament.

Other men were found with less exalted views of their duty to their country who could be persuaded by the means which failed so signally in the case of de Vitre, and the ships were accordingly piloted up the river. Meanwhile, his quality having been demonstrated by his heroism, de Vitre was held a close prisoner in the fleet. He had refused to give his parole, and accordingly had been closely confined, and was carefully guarded.

A winning tongue, a little money, and specious promises of ultimate reward had made a friend for him among his guards, and the suborned soldier had at last found means to supply him with a British uniform. In the hurry and confusion of the debarkation of the soldiery for the attempt on the Plains of Abraham, de Vitre had succeeded in joining himself to one of the landing parties without attracting attention. The captain of the Sutherland, on which he had been held prisoner, was surprised the next morning to find the sentry bound and gagged—by his own collusion, of course, though that was unknown—in de Vitre's room and his prisoner gone.

However, there was so much business of moment on hand the day of the battle that no search was made for him; indeed, none could be made, and the certain fall of Quebec, which everybody realized must take place when the news of the victory was brought to the fleet rendered his pursuit useless. It was too late for even a man of his courage to effect anything of importance then. His knowledge of British affairs would be of no service now.

In the natural course of events, too, de Vitre would fall into the hands of the English again in a few days. Meanwhile, as he was a pleasant fellow, agreeable and debonair, his captors were rather glad that he had the privilege of a few hours of liberty, especially as it was known that the inspiration of his escape was the most beautiful woman in New France.

De Vitre had met with no opportunity of escaping from the English lines until the battle was joined. He had been compelled by the exigencies of the situation to point his gun at his own countrymen, and though he took care it was not loaded with ball, the mere motion gave him exquisite anguish. In the smoke and confusion of the battlefield, however, he at last found occasion to mingle with the retreating French. In the panic terror of their retreat no one in the crowding, pushing mob paid any attention to him, and he gained the city with the rest of the fugitives through the St. Louis gate. Forcing his way through the multitude he ran rapidly down the street toward the place where dwelt the object of his adoration. He found her in the doorway of her house, bending over the prostrate form of a small man in the blue and white uniform of the British navy.

"Mademoiselle de Rohan!" he cried in great surprise, stopping short at the sight. "What is the meaning of this?"

The young woman looked up as he called her name, rose to her feet as she recognized him, and with an expression of withering scorn and contempt deliberately turned her back upon him. For the moment the stranger was forgotten. De Vitre gasped and turned pale with astonishment.

"Mademoiselle de Rohan!" he cried again, "do you not know me?"

"I know no one," she answered, half-turning toward him with the contempt deepening upon her beautiful features, "who, born in France, wears that uniform, which even you disgrace!"

"Disgrace, mademoiselle!" he cried, straightening himself up, his face flushing. "What mean you? Oh, this—why—I——"

"By God!" exclaimed a course, rough voice at his side, "it's de Vitre!"

The young Frenchman faced about and saw himself confronted by a grenadier of the regiment La Sarre, who had stopped and was looking menacingly at him. He was followed by three regular soldiers from the various regiments and a sailor from Vauquelin's squadron.

"De Vitre, the traitor!" cried another.

"He who piloted the English ships up the river!" exclaimed the sailor.

"The man who betrayed New France!" shouted a third.

The fleeing soldiery stopped and with several gathered about the little group in the doorway.

"Well, we are beaten now," remarked the soldier who had first spoken, who held the rank of a sergeant, "but I guess we can hold the town long enough to hang you, monsieur. I saw you in the English ranks when they charged upon us—curse them! And you brought up the ships——"

"It's a lie, a dastardly lie!" cried de Vitre desperately. "I——"

"What are you doing with that English uniform on?" asked another, amid murmurs of indignation from the crowd, for the street was now blocked with people.

De Vitre, seeing the hopelessness of his situation, backed up against the wall and instinctively felt for his sword. Unfortunately for him he was wearing a private soldier's uniform, and he had thrown away his gun in that mad rush for the St. Louis gate. He was alone, unarmed and helpless before the mob.

"It's a fearful mistake!" he shouted. "My friends, I am innocent! I can explain! Hear me!"

His voice was drowned in yells and execrations The soldiers and people had been so harried and wrought upon by the defeat of the morning that a sinister desire for revenge on some one was added to the fickle yet malevolent passions so easily awakened in the Gallic mob. They wanted a scapegoat, and here was one to hand.

"Mademoiselle," cried the unhappy Frenchman, drawing himself up and turning to the girl, who stood spellbound before the appalling display of the fury and passion of the people, "I swear to you upon my honor that I am innocent! Vive la nouvelle France! Say that you believe me before I am taken! On my soul I believe this rabble intends to kill me!"

Anne de Rohan hesitated. Honesty rang in the young man's voice, honor looked out of his eyes—and love too—yet things looked suspicious.

"Well, will you come with us peaceably, or——" interrupted the sergeant, with a grim and menacing gesture.

"One moment, my friend," cried the young man lightly, having recovered his coolness and having discovered the folly of expostulation.

He looked appealingly at the young woman.

"I believe you," said Anne de Rohan, suddenly extending her hand to him. "Messeiurs," she cried, turning to the crowd, "Monsieur de Vitre gives me his word of honor that——"

"Oh, bah!" exclaimed the sergeant, "the honor of a traitor to the woman he loves!"

"Let us kill him where he stands!" shouted one.

"To the lantern with him!" roared another.

"No, my brave friends," said the sergeant coolly, "order if you please. He goes to the governor. Come, monsieur. Fall back, gentlemen, and give way. A moi, mes camarades."

"Mademoiselle," said de Vitre hurriedly, as the soldiers surrounded him and prepared to force a way through the crowd, "I can now face anything with a light heart. You believe in me. Take care of that gentleman yonder, he is a friend of mine."

As he spoke, the soldiers seized him by the arm and hustled him down the street toward the Chateau St. Louis, the residence of the governor, where de Ramesay sat in hurried consultation with the officers over the defense of the stricken town. The crowd, after a few curious glances, followed the soldiers and left the prostrate Englishman alone on the doorstep.

The young woman turned again to the man on the step. He was wounded, perhaps dying. The bullet which struck him in the back had passed completely through his shoulder, and his shirt was stained with blood. There was a deep cut through the sleeve of his coat also, and his arm lay in a little pool of the same deadly fluid. His face was covered with blood from a slight wound on his forehead, and earth-stained as well from the muddy unpaved street where he had fallen. He was a hideous spectacle. Yet, though a foeman, he was wounded and helpless.

[To Be Continued.]

Failed in an Emergency.

The man who said that he did not see what good his life-insurance would do him until he was dead must have been a hopeless object for the suave attack of the agent. Like him is the farmer of a Fifeshire village of whom London V. C. tells.

He had been advised from time to time to insure his house against fire. The agent, Sandy M'Lery, could never get the old man to sign, and was forced to listen to the familiar argument that "his house would never gang on fire."

The unexpected happened, however, and the neighbors were astonished when the old man, instead of trying to save his goods, ran wildly up and down the village, crying:

"Whaur's that mon, Sandy, noo? Whaur's that insurance chiel? Ye can never get a body when ye're needin' him."

The Guess Doll.

An English non-comformist clergyman was the victim of a rarely profitable absent mindedness. At a fair held by the women of his church one of the "attractions" was a beautiful doll, handsomely dressed, which was to be given to the person who guessed its name. There was an entrance fee, and the choice of the doll's name was left to the clergyman. At the close of the fair it was found that the guess doll had brought in more than one hundred pounds; but as the name had not been hit upon by any one, the clergyman suggested that it be appointed a parish visitor, and call regularly upon the children in the hospitals in the town. This was readily agreed to. Then somebody said:

"You must have given it a very odd name!"

"Ah, that reminds me!" exclaimed the clergyman, looking confused but still cheerful. "I did not name it at all."—London Telegraph.

Carefully Kept Another's Secret.

Bill Fisher, of Holton, bought a horse a short time ago. It was a fine actor and had a good color. When Bill led it into the barn he discovered that it was blind. A few days later Bill hitched the horse up and drove him around. A friend of his got stuck on the animal and asked Bill what he would take for it.

"Well, that horse cost me $165," said Bill. "I always like to make a little on a horse trade. If you want the horse you can have him for $175." The friend got in and drove around town and then bought the horse. That evening he also discovered that the horse was blind. He met Bill on the street the next day.

"Why didn't you tell me that horse was blind?" he asked Bill.

"Well, I'll tell you why," said Bill. "The man I bought him of didn't say anything about it and I took it that he didn't want anybody to know it."—Kansas City Journal.

HE PRESSED HIS TROUSERS

And His Work Was Superior to Anything a Tailor Could Do.

The cashier in the candy store who had married the telegraph operator had just returned from her honeymoon, and was receiving her friends in a new flat, relates the New York Times.

"Did he get on to the way you crimped your hair, Mamie?" asked the mischievous manicure girl.

"I don't know whether he did or not," replied Mamie, "but I twigged the way he presses his trousers. When he used to call on me I noticed that they were freshly creased every evening, and I knew he couldn't afford that pace at a tailor's. I noticed that before going to bed he straightened his trousers carefully and put the front edge of them into the jam of the bedroom door. Of course he had to get up some time in the night and change sides. But he told me he had been doing it so many years he was accustomed to it.

"He had to be very careful putting them in, or the door wouldn't shut. But I'll tell you, girls, in the morning he had a crease that had a tailor's job whipped to a suspender button. Men saving up to get married have their little tricks of making a good appearance on little money, just as girls have in making themselves so pretty that men want to marry them."

FRESH BITS OF FINERY.

Ornamental Details That Enter Into the Completion of Up-to-Date Costumes.

Pastel hues, particularly in garniture, are observable in millinery.

Herringbone suiting is always a favorite. The diagonal lines slant together to make a V stripe.

Barred broadcloth has a velvet ridge introduced in single bars and in cross bars. This comes only in street colors, the familiar winter tones.

Shot silks, plain and fancy, are used for vest, yoke and sleeve trimmings, those in checked effect being particularly effective.

Button dots distinguish a fancy check suiting. The dots are usually in black on a colored ground. Rough finish burlaps is a novelty weave.

Basket weaves and boucle canvas vie with the more strictly tailor goods, the tweeds, cheviot serge and wool velours. This last comes from 46 to 54 inches wide.

Scotch plaid yarns give us desirable material for mid-season wear. The peacock-blue, green and black and a rich Burgundy red, combined with dark brown are noticeable. These come at 46 inches wide.

PUTTING UP PUMPKINS.

Simple Method of Preparing the Favorite Pie Material for Future Use.

Pumpkins are easily canned or dried. To can, stew till just soft enough to put through the colander, fill the cans or jars and set them in a pot of water to cook 20 minutes; then seal.

To dry, stew the pumpkin down slowly as dry as possible, so dry that when stirred away from the bottom no water will gather. When cool, put through the colander, spread on plates in thin layers and dry on the back of the stove. When the top has caked a little take a knife and turn the pumpkin over, breaking in small pieces. Do this before it has dried onto the plates. When wholly dry, pack in stout bags, or in boxes or jars.

To use, for one pie take one-third of a cupful of the dried pumpkin and soak over night in a cup of milk. In the morning put on the back of the stove to warm and mash the lumps out. Add more milk and heat hot; add one egg beaten with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of ginger, put into the crust and bake.

Egg Croquettes.

Four hard-boiled eggs, three tablespoonfuls of cream, butter the size of a large nutmeg, a heaping saltspoonful of salt, dash of pepper. When the eggs are very hard and perfectly cold, rub through a fine wire sieve, add the cream, salt and pepper, beating in gradually; melt the butter and stir in. As eggs sometimes vary in size, a little thickening may be needed to give the right consistency. Use the finest cracker dust, adding a little at a time until the mixture can be molded into very soft balls. Roll in cracker dust and drop into a deep kettle of hot fat to fry. When they are brown, drain on a wire sieve, and serve with lettuce salad. For this purpose the croquettes should be cold. When hot, serve with crisp bacon.—Good Literature.

Sauce for Halibut Steak.

A good sauce for halibut steak is made by rubbing half a cupful of butter to a cream, add the yolk of two eggs, one at a time and beat well. Stir in the juice of half a lemon, one saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper. When ready to serve add one-half cupful of boiling water; place the bowl in a pan of boiling water or in the top of the tea kettle and cook thick as custard, stirring constantly.—Boston Budget.

Base Insinuation.

Doctor—Ah! Out for a constitutional?

She—Yes; I walk two miles before breakfast every morning for my complexion.

"Is the chemist's shop so far as that?"—London Tit-Bits.

No Voice from the Tomb.

She—How is it that widows generally manage to marry again?

He—Because dead men tell no tales.—Ally Sloper.